

your mind who either of them might be."

The question—from him—meant to excite her anger, and she turned her face away from him.

"Did you not hear my reply to Lord Dane?" said Mr. Apperly. Had he mentioned Captain Dane or his adversary, should I be likely to say I did not? So what now? What had the whole to do with me?"

It takes a great deal to stop a girl from crying, and this one had been so dejectedly as though he had predicted no success.

"Nor the voice, either my lady? Did you not notice it then?"

"I comprehended nothing," she impatiently answered. "I was too terrified. May I retire?" she added, turning to Lord Dane. "If I stop here forever, I may never come again."

"An instant yet, my lady," interrupted the inspector. "The one who did not go over the cliff—attempt to follow you when you ran away?"

"Not that I saw—not that I knew of. I did not look round to see."

"My lady," continued the undaunted inspector, "I must ask you one more question; and will you pardon me for reminding you that you are upon your oath, before you answer it. Have you told all? Is there nothing that you are bound to tell?"

Not the question was never answered. For Lady Adeline, overcome by emotion, caused perhaps by past remonstrance, perhaps by present perplexity, turned deadly white, and fell back on a chair.

"She knows no more," said Lord Dane. "Take her upstairs to my lady."

CHAPTER V.

ROBERT HARROD.

Lord Dane grew impatient in his chair, and, after a few moments of vacillating, and Harrold for the wilful murder of his son, was already made out; he waited only the signature, and that waited but the formality of Mitchell's evidence. Mr. Apperly bowed himself with his papers, the prisoner leaned against the wall, the inspector was in a brown study, his armchair, with the remonstrance of his wife, side in groups, to express their horror and aversion of their late comrade, Harrold.

"Here's Mitchell, here's Mitchell," breathily cried out Mr. Apperly, seeing the approach of the man. "Now, then, what shall we do with it over?"

The preventive man came in, under the wing of Supervisor Cawson. He looked him a chair, while he gave his evidence. He listened to hearing the disputing words, to seeing indifferently the struggle, and to the fall of Captain Dane.

"Throw over by Harrold," said hot-tempered Lawyer Apperly.

"Yes," responded Mitchell.

"Were there no signs of life whatever in my seat?" inquired Lord Dane, struggling with his inward feelings.

"My lord, I wish, I wish I could have carried him away with me in my arms, my lord, instead of leaving him to be washed away with the tide; but it was beyond my strength. I wish I had cast off into that fit; there'd have been time to get to him."

"You could not help it, Mitchell," replied Lord Dane, with kind heart. "Did you recognize him to be my son on the heights before he fell?"

Mitchell shrank his hand.

"Impossible, my lord. It was only moonlight, and the needle did not seem to last a moment hardly before he was over me. I was only white when I got to him, trying to lift him up, that I saw it was Captain Dane."

An interruption came from the prisoner. He had fixed his stony, black eyes on Mitchell when the man first entered, never removing them; they seemed to devour every turn of his countenance, every word that fell from his lips.

"My lord," said he, turning to Lord Dane, "the worst criminal brought in the bar was allowed an advocate, by the English law; but I have been hurried here without one. Having none, I should like to ask the witness of him, how could he recognize me?"

"Ask him," responded Lord Dane.

"He does just what you are the only impossible you could require," Captain Dane upon the heights, that it was only moonlight, and the needle lasted but a moment," responded the prisoner to Mitchell, availing himself of the permission.

"If you could not recognize him, how could he recognize me?"

"I did not recognize you," returned Mitchell.

A pause. The prisoner spoke out again eagerly, passionately.

"Then why did you say you did?"

"I didn't say it."

"You did. As I told you." My sight did not fail me on that one," said Mitchell's rejoinder; but he was interrupted here without cause. Having none, I should like to ask the witness of him, how could he recognize me?"

"You know you said just now in the guard-house, that it was Harrold."

"I said it was sure to have been Harrold, because of the quarrel he had with his master in the morning," answered Mitchell. "As I was coming to, after my attack, and telling what I had been, somebody answered—and I do believe it was you, Mr. Apperly—that it was Harrold. Harrold, I said, I repeat, saying there was no doubt of it. But I never said it was Harrold from my own knowledge; from my own speech."

"That was we to understand, Mitchell, that you do not positively know who it was that was engaged in the conflict with my master? You did not recognize the person?" asked Lord Dane.

"I do not, my lord. I remembered it to be Mr. Harrold, on account of the quarrel, but I could not see who the people were settling on the heights. Had Captain Dane not failed, I could not have known him to be one. The

other might have been a woman for all I could see."

The party felt rather perplexed. Mr. Apperly, the chief inspector, had fully understood that Mitchell could swear to Harrold. The misapprehension had been almost entirely caused from me to the other.

"It makes little difference," cried George, "whether he was the凶犯 or not. I can't say he was the凶犯, but he may have been guilty; but Harrold, he could not be made a murderer, and he paid him out; he may not have intended a fatal termination."

"But is there every difference," inquired the prisoner, in irritation.

"If a criminal who has been a murderer, and has been hanged, is still a murderer, then he was never an innocent."

"An instant yet, my lady," interrupted the inspector. "The one who did not go over the cliff—attempt to follow you when you ran away?"

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BY JULIA G. BREWER.

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JUNE 22, 1872.

"not that Colonel De Rouenmont. I had no such wish—such thought. Unlock that door instantly. Then make him free and unimpeded access to any one who desires to enter this room while you are here."

He shrank back abashed and confounded, of showing his hand too soon; but he had the tact to obey her mandate left it ajar. She, however, with well-accused self-possession,—the picture he painted of the future was most alluring, and I yielded."

"Here it is, colonel. To leave it thus would not improve the situation."

He complied, and as he saw her resume her seat, approached her with a slower step than before, and took up his position on the chair which stood near to hers.

Lowering his voice, but without being certain it was the correct thing to do, he said:

"We are now certainly quite alone, Mrs. Harcourt. I will stake my case on that."

She made no answer at the moment, but recited back on the lounge, pressed her hands more tightly, and, because seemingly lost to sight, and she saw through the intertwinings of her fingers that he was watching her with a perplexed look, and appeared as if waiting an explanation, she slowly drew her hands down and sighed heavily.

"Colonel De Rouenmont," she presented, gazing upon him with a well-accused pensive expression in her eyes, "you found me in a very particular state of mind. Something inexplicable had just happened to me. It seemed to have swelled with fight."

"At what?"

She instantly forced a smile.

"At what, no doubt, will sound very absurd. It must have been a dream, yet anything more distinct it seemed palpable. I never beheld in my life."

"Will you kindly explain?" he suggested.

"I was seated here alone—as I have been since Harcourt's departure—occupied by a sense of loneliness and depression."

"At his absence?"

Her lip curled contemptuously.

"No, he is not returned; he is not my world. Briefly, I was, I remember, plunged in serious thought, when, raising my eyes, I beheld seated in the chair you occupy the form of—a man."

"A stranger?"

"No; one whom I had known in my girlish days, and whom I had the best of reason to believe was dead—had died years. Yet there he sat, apparently so positively in the flesh as you are, staring at me with spectral eyes and a ghastly, ghastly face."

"It must have been a sudden hallucination."

"I think not. Yet—"

"Are you sure the man really did die?"

"No; it is that which bewitches me. If he lives he can work me very great evil, and I shall need a staunch friend to shield me from his malice."

"Does Harcourt know?"

"Nothing. I dare not confide in him. His earnest nature converts the most melancholy circumstances into something delightful."

"Wretched!"

She laughed.

"Do not call him names," she rejoined, quickly. "He has his fits occasionally; but he is not a person in whom one can be repelled."

"Confidences? May I venture to ask if your late note of to-day was a rejected avowal raised her shoulders and let her eyelids fall.

"One cannot accept every offer tendered, even if it is responsible for the weak and vacuous susceptibility of others," she rejoined, with coquettish humility. Then she raised her eyes suddenly to him, and added, "It is not even one's good fortune to be able always to find a self-fit for one whom we entrust with a prediction, and feel we might be happy with."

And then, avowing her eyes, as she saw a flashing gleam dart from his, she appended in a subdued tone:

"Had I been differently reared, this man might not have had the chance to become so dire a fit of mine as he was—or he is to-day, but a living man who, by some agency unknown to me, came and disappeared."

"Deserve him to me—give me his name."

"She interrupted him by raising both her hands.

"Not so fast, colonel. I think it only discreet to be before trusting. At present we must stand to me only in the light of our acquaintance, and before I entreat you with my confidences I must be sure of you as a friend."

"Prove me, my dear Mrs. Harcourt, in any way you please over to the hazard of my life and the command of my fortunes. You will find that you may place entire trust in me."

"You have deserved yourself deserved."

"Can you be sure?"

"As the grave—I pledge my honor."

"Sometimes that artist is too sensitive to be of a value as a friend, but I accept it from you, colonel De Rouenmont, and I trust you to adhere to me."

He looked a little disconcerted, but he made no remark.

"The truth is," she said, half reluctantly, "I never had a friend. Mine is not a nature which will permit me to form friendships with others, and though I believe men to be the truest friends, yet I have never been so circumstantially as to secure one."

"Until now," he interposed, in an undertone, but with no little nerve.

"You promised, with reference to her remark, that artist to be too sensitive to be of a value as a friend, but I accept it from you, colonel De Rouenmont, and I trust you to adhere to me."

He looked a little disconcerted, but he made no remark.

"The truth is," she said, half reluctantly, "I never had a friend. Mine is not a nature which will permit me to form friendships with others, and though I believe men to be the truest friends, yet I have never been so circumstantially as to secure one."

"In fact, you contracted a clandestine

marriage with Harcourt, and at once accompanied him abroad."

"It was at my behest, he pleaded passionately—those who should have shielded and guided me, refused to listen to my 'will'—complaints—the picture he painted of the future was most alluring, and I yielded."

"She gave a heavy sigh, and as if involuntarily pressed her finger tip on her eyelids.

"You have reported your step," he presently enquired, with a steadfast look at her shoulders.

"It is irreverent, but it is the practice to report," she responded; then she subjoined, quickly: "The individual whom I had vowed revenge against, he contrived to communicate to me that he was most professedly and deliberately planned and arranged a plot, but I have not been able to find out the name of the person who he would wholly and utterly destroy my happiness and ruin my position."

"Pshaw!" a wild burst.

The man's eyes were fixed on her.

"Pardon me, colonel, I know my enemy, and I fear him. My distrust of him, he was framely jealous of him. He thinks him dead. I thought him dead, as I have made no sign to him. I was to mention to Harcourt, that I believe I saw him to-day under circumstances I am unable to explain—he would not act as a man, and treat me with the harshness of a tiger."

"At his peril let him do it," interposed the colonel, exclaiming, half rising from his seat.

"I must not listen to such observations," she rejoined, gravely.

"He is my husband, and though I cannot see wholly in him as a friend, it does not offend me to let him go, to forget the ties which link us together."

"She said this rather loudly, and cast her eyes around the room as though she had been an auditor who had hidden close by.

He appeared to comprehend this, and wrinkled both eyes, and said:

"Certainly, I understand me; but I entreat you not to do so, for I am your only friend—your treated friend."

He, too, looked round as if he desired his observation.

"The death of parents and mamma has left me friendless, and now you will not perhaps wonder why I so anxiously support, and counsel of a true friend."

"I fully comprehend your difficulty," said dear Mrs. Harcourt, "if ever man was true to woman, I will be true to you. You have only to tell me."

"Finally, will you be blindly obedient?"

"I will."

"Believe me, and me only?"

"You, and you only."

"Treat me, not to me, and for me as an attached brother."

"Hem—Well—yes—for the present I commit myself to that—as an attached brother."

"Take this and read it in silence, signify your assent only by a nod of the head."

As she concluded she handed to him a folded paper. He opened it, and read:

"I dare correspond with you only in the Times. It will be under the signature 'Lamia,' and in the second column. Be prepared to receive instructions immediately, and visit me no more."

He raised his eyes to her, and read:

"He took the paper carefully in his pocket, and saw her point with an inimitable meaning to the door, which opened on the corridor, and, in a low tone said:

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As she concluded she handed to him a folded paper. He opened it, and read:

"I dare correspond with you only in the Times. It will be under the signature 'Lamia,' and in the second column. Be prepared to receive instructions immediately, and visit me no more."

He took the paper carefully in his pocket, and saw her point with an

your mind who either of them might be.

The question—from him—brought out his anger, and she turned her face haughtily upon him.

"Did you not hear my reply to Lord Dane?" said Mr. Appleyard. "Had I not mentioned Captain Dane for the murderer, should I be likely to say I had not? I would not. What had he after that with me?"

It takes a great deal to stop a quick-tempered, and this one remained as deliberately as though he had nothing to respond.

"Not for the world, my lady," said he, "but you must understand them."

"I am a quick-tempered man," she said, "but I am not so quickly recovered. I was very surprised, I must say, when I turned to Lord Dane. 'If I stop here forever, I can say no more.'"

"An instant yet, my lady," interrupted the inspector. "Did the other—the one who did not go over the cliff—attend to you when you ran away?"

"Not that I saw—not that I know of. I did not look round to see."

"My lady," continued the unsmiling inspector, "I must ask you one more question; and you will pardon me for it, but it is a question of life or death. Turn, then, when you answer me. Has your tail off? Is there nothing that you are keeping back?"

But the question was never answered. For Lady Almacke, overcome by emotion, ceased perhaps by past remembrance, perhaps by present sympathy, to move white, and fell back on a chair.

"She knows no more," said Lord Dane. "Take her upstairs to my lady."

CHAPTER V.

RESCUE RAVENSBIRD.

Lord Dane grew impatient in his chair of state. The Tenant, commanding Ransford for the wilful murder of his son, was already made out; it wanted only the signature, and that waited but the formality of Mitchell's evidence. Mr. Appleyard knew that his son, the prisoner, was in a lower study, his armchair, while the servants collected outside, in groups, to express their horror and aversion of their late commands, Ransford.

"Here's Mitchell, here's Mitchell," breathily cried out Mr. Appleyard, casting the open book of the warrant. "Now, then, we will have it over."

The prudential time came in, under the wing of Supervisor Cutten. He looked pale and ill at ease, and Lord Dane ordered him a chair, while he gave his evidence. He insisted to hearing the following words to assist indistinctly the struggle, and to the fall of Captain Dane.

"Throw over by Ransford," said last-mentioned Lawyer Appleyard.

"Yes," responded Mitchell.

"Were there no signs of life whatever in my son?" inquired Lord Dane, struggling with his forced feelings.

"None," said Lord Dane, as he did as over I ever remember. I wish I could have carried him away with me in my arms, my lord, instead of leaving him to be wounded with the tide; but it was beyond my strength. I wish I had not fallen into that; there'd have been trouble."

Mitchell shrank his head. "You could not help it, Mitchell," replied Lord Dane, in a cool, kind tone. "Did you recognize him to be my son on the heights before he fell?"

Mitchell shook his head.

"Impossible, my lord. It was only moonlight, and the scuffle did not occur in the dark; hardly before he was over. It was only when I saw him, trying to lift him up, that I saw it was Captain Dane."

An interruption came from the prisoner. He had flung his stone, black eyes on Mitchell when the man first entered, never removing them; they seemed to devour every fibre of his countenance, over the full of his forehead.

"My lord," said he, turning to Lord Dane, "the world criminal brought in the bar is allowed on admissions, by the English law; but I have been hurried here without time. Having none, I should like to ask the witness a question."

"Ask him, Mr. Dane."

"He has just seen that it was impossible for him to recognize Captain Dane upon the heights, that it was only moonlight, and the scuffle ended but a moment," proceeded the prisoner to Mitchell, availing himself of the permission. "If you could not recognize him, how could he recognize me?"

"I did not recognize you," returned Mitchell.

A pause. The prisoner spoke out again eagerly, passionately.

"Then why did you say you did?"

"I didn't say it."

"You did. As I am told."

"I did not say it. My suspicion did not tell me so," said it was Mitchell's rejoinder; but he was interrupted by the police inspector.

"Do you mean to deny, Mitchell, now you are on your oath, that it was Ransford who flung over Captain Dane?"

"I couldn't say that it wasn't, or that it was. I might have been him, or it might have been any old chit in this room for all I know."

The inspector looked at Lord Dane.

"I understand your lordship, last night, that Mitchell had seen and recognized Ransford the offender."

"I understand, my lord," returned Lord Dane. "I was on a scaffold, you see, for one, I am told, and said so."

Mr. Appleyard broke his spectacles severely down upon the countenance of Mitchell, and sprang in a sharp, quick

"You know you said last evening in the general house, that it was Ransford."

"I said it was now in have been Ransford, because of the quarrel he had with his master in the morning," answered Mitchell. "As I was coming to, after my attack, and telling what I had seen, somebody exclaimed—and I do believe it was yourself, Mr. Appleyard—he had seen him, and I said, 'Yes, I am sure he was not, and I am sure, myself, that he was not.' But I never said it was Ransford from my own knowledge; from my own eyesight."

"Then are we to understand, Mitchell, that you do not positively know who it was that was engaged in the conflict with my son?—that you did not recognize him?"

"I do not, my lord. I admitted it to Mr. Ransford, on account of the quarrel, but I could not see who the people were scuffling on the heights. Had Captain Dane not fallen, I could not have known him to be one. The

other might have been a year for all I know."

The party felt rather perplexed. Ransford, who was the only man in the room, and seemed impudent, had fully convinced Mr. Mitchell could swear to nothing, and the moment he spoke had almost caused him to be made a laughing stock.

"I am a quick-tempered man," said he, "but I have every confidence, in my opinion, that the evidence he has adduced, is false."

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DEATH IN THE BALLOON.

(M. Thiemer, the only survivor of the three aeronauts who recently made an ascent from Paris, thus describes the fatal experience of the trip.)

CANON (Ind.), April 16, 1873.

MONTEUR.—A telegram, sent officially, will have informed you of the sad news that Sivel, the balloonist, and Cross-Spinelli are no more. They succumbed to asphyxia in the high regions of the air to which we had ascended. I will relate to you what I know of this sad drama, for during two consecutive hours I was in a state of comparative unconsciousness.

The ascension from the gas works at Villeneuve was accomplished favorably. At one in the afternoon we were already at more than 5,000 yards of altitude (pressure 600). We had passed air into the combustion tubes, felt our pulses, measured the interior temperature, the barometer, which was then 20 C. (68 Fahr.), while the exterior air was less than 8 C. (41 Fahr.). Sivel had trimmed the car; Cross had used his aeronautoscope, and we were all in high spirits.

Sivel threw out ballast, and we ascended, breathing oxygen, which produced a sense of well-being.

At 6 P.M. the barometer marked 320 mm.; we were over 7,000 yards high, and the temperature was less than 10 C. (50 Fahr.). My compasses were pale; I felt weak, but I inhaled a little of the gas, which somewhat revived me. We still said, "We have a large quantity of ballast; shall I throw some out?" I replied, "Do as you please." He put the same question to our friend, who nodded energetically in token of approval. We had five sacks with us, each weighing twenty-five kilos, and at least four more.

Sivel took his knife and successfully cut three cords. The bags were emptied, and we mounted rapidly. All at once I found myself so feeble that I could not even turn my head to look at my companion, who, I believe, were seated. I desisted to retain the oxygen, but could not lift my arm. My mind was still quite clear. I had my eye on the barometer, and I saw the needle pass over the figure of pressure 350 mm., then 200, which it went beyond. I wanted to descend. "We are at 8,000 yards, but the temperature is still 10 C." All at once my arm closed, and I fell inert, entirely losing all respiration. The time was then about 1:30.

At 1:35 I revived for a moment. The balloon was descending rapidly. I was able to cut a sack of ballast to slacken the speed, and to write on my register the following lines: "Die, die, my boy."

"We are descending. Temperature, 8 C. (17.6 Fahr.). I am throwing out ballast. Elevation 815. Sivel and Cross still immobile at the bottom of the car. Descending very rapidly."

I had scarcely written these lines when the balloon was descending rapidly. I sank down fainting in the same position. I was conscious of a violent wind, indicating a very rapid descent. A few moments later I felt myself shaken by the arms, and recognized Cross, who had revived.

"Throw out ballast," said he, "we are descending."

But I could hardly open my eyes, and I did not notice whether Sivel was accosted. I remember that Cross unfastened the aspirator and threw it out, as well as some ballast, extra wraps, and the like. All this is an extremely confused recollection, which was quickly extinguished, for I rolled into inert, half-asphyxiated, half-drowned, and I felt as if I was going off into an eternal沉睡.

What happened then? I suppose that the balloon was lightened, impermeable as it was, and very warm, shot up once more into the upper regions. At about 2:30 A.M. I found my way, feeling giddy and weak, but my consciousness returned. The balloon was rushing downward with frightful velocity.

The car swayed violently from side to side, and described great oscillations. I raised myself on my knees, and pulled my arm out by the side of "Sivel Cross!" I cried, "Die, my boy!" They were both encircled down in the car, with their heads concealed in their sinks. I summoned up all my strength, and endeavored to lift them up. Sivel's face was black, his eyes dull, mouth wide open and full of blood. Cross-Spinelli had his eyes closed, and his mouth blood-stained.

To relate what occurred then is quite beyond my power. I noticed a tremendous wind from below upward. We were still at an altitude of 6,000 meters. There were still in the car two bags of ballast, which I cast out. Soon we neared the earth, and I sought for my knife in order to cut the attachment of the anchor, but I could not find it.

I was disengaged, and kept calling out, "Sivel! Sivel!" Fortunately I laid my hand a knife, and was enabled to free the grasper in time. The shock of the fall was extreme, but I did not fall, and I thought it would so remain. But there was a strong wind, which carried it along. The grasper did not hold firmly and the car was dragged across the fields. The dead bodies of my unfortunate friends were jerked about, and I feared at each moment that they would fall out of the car. We were dragged across the ground, the end of the valve, and the hand was quickly emptied, and was finally exhausted against a tree. This was about four o'clock.

On getting out of the car I was attacked by a feverish excitement of the most violent kind, and my hand was unable to hold a burning live coal. I thought that I was about to join my companion in the next world.

Nevertheless, I gradually recovered my senses. I examined my poor comrades, and found them cold and stiff. I had their corpus transported to the shelter of a neighboring farm. I awoke to exhaustion, and even yet have not recovered.

"THE WATER CONCERTO PARLOR ORGAN.—We are glad to chronicle any new thing, or any improvement upon an old one, in the field of popular music by relating its study, either old or more attractive. Lately our attention has been called to a new patented stop added to the Water Reed Organ, called the Concerto Stop. It is so voiced as to have a tone like a full, rich alto voice; it is especially well suited to its tone. It is as perfect as well as we ever heard. We heard it last in Boston, and with full Organ. We regard this as a valuable addition to the Reed Organ."—*Serial New Yorker.*

AMSTERDAM CHARACTERISTICS.

Like the "Queen of the Adriatic" in its three hundred bridges (the greatest being the Vondel "I to Herenstraat," Amsterdam is all reality and of the most practical character in its aspect, while Venice is like a "midsummer night's dream." There are sections of the place that represent the outside life of human life, while others in the Italian style, though the individuality of the two races, so to speak, could hardly be wider apart in external aspect—one dark as the night, the other broad and bright as the sunshine. We never saw such an array of rook chocks and fresh complexion as the Dutch women exhibit in their streets, and the present is a very striking contrast after traveling in Southern Europe. There, as through Germany, the women divide the heavy work with the men; they steer the broad canals; they row the smaller boats by side of men, and are as bold as the men in their freedom of action. Picturesque scenes, like the "Waterloo" (Trotter), "Bruges," "Ghent," "Antwerp," "Tonger," "Mechelen," "Antwerp," "Tonger," "Mechelen," "Ghent," and every other variety of scenes, cannot equal the Dutch scenes in beauty. The Dutch women, however, are not to be compared with the French, and the French will surpass them.

SCOTTISH GIRL.

We question if a more beautiful sight can be seen upon this wide world than the fashionable promenade of Prince's street, Edinburgh, any sunny day about four o'clock. Let the spectator take his eye from the picturesque glories of that continent, and let his gaze be directed upon the more beautiful of Nature's own works, who goes him by. The writer passed under upon one occasion during the past summer with an American gentleman of considerable taste; and, said he: "What I admire about your Scotch ladies is their healthy looks and education. Their hair is dark, the rich brown. The large, lily-bred air which he remarked he saw perfect health without vulgarity; each of manner with unapproachable dignity; elegance of costume, with common sense. Scotch girls are educated for men, to live a life of usefulness, pleasure to others and themselves. When they have the love, the love loses its solidity. If they play the piano, which they generally can, they do not offend the musical sense by sitting down like a mark of interrogation, and stamping the soul out of a showy piano of music as an eccentric sky-rocket in a shower of fireworks."

"We are descending. Temperature, 8 C. (17.6 Fahr.). I am throwing out ballast. Elevation 815. Sivel and Cross still immobile at the bottom of the car. Descending very rapidly."

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